

THE CHIPLEY BANNER.

VOLUME V.

CHIPLEY, WASHINGTON COUNTY, FLORIDA, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1897.

NUMBER 3.

USE AND ABUSE OF THE WHEEL.

Injurious Results of Improper Bicycle Riding.

The bicycle is pretty generally regarded not only as a cheap and ready means of recreation, available by the masses of the people, young and old, but as also a healthful exercise especially to those whose occupations are of a sedentary character, and to those threatened with nervous disorders or who are suffering therefrom. But the wheel, instead of proving the blessing it is thought to be and would be if properly used, has been observed in its use to be injurious to many who disregard the medical brief, discourses upon its subject and points out two injurious results of improper bicycling. One is the depressed handle bar, which operates to contract the chest and so to prevent the expansion of the lungs, which should have the fullest play, and besides to some extent interfere by the pressure thus exerted with the action of the heart, which becomes overworked. The final result he states, is a condition of hypertrophy, the most important organ of life is weakened and unfitted for duty and the rider becomes a round-shouldered, hollow chested deformity. The other injuries referred to are caused by the saddle, and are also of a very serious character. The whole system affected by the contact is perverted by an inextricable mesh-work of nervous elements highly organized and very delicate and sensitive. If an improper saddle is used, he urges, the delicate pommel—the cutaneous nerve terminals are constantly irritated by the undue friction, which may in time develop into a permanent disorder of delicate organs. He, therefore, recommends the use of only light handle-bars and the maintenance of an upright position while the saddle, and that the latter should be without a pommel. Nature's laws cannot be violated, he says, with impunity. A bad saddle, the forward position in riding, overtaxing the length by long rides and an abuse of the wheel, especially by women, will be followed, he holds, by untold suffering. "It is time," he concludes, that physicians should study the action of the use and the abuse of the bicycle so that a timely word of warning may be given."—Trenton J. American.

Indigent, But Intelligent.

Those people next door lead a sort of hand-to-mouth existence, don't you?" said the resident of the Help-Hand to the worthy Poor Sewing Mission society.

"No," responded the good dame addressed, "they are awful poor, but I know enough to handle them properly."—Chicago Journal.

"A Bundle of Nerves."

This term is often applied to people whose nerves are abnormally sensitive. They should be given them with Hostetter's Stomach Bitter. After a course of that benign tonic, they cease to be conscious that they have nervousness, except through agreeable sensations. It enables them to eat, sleep and digest well, three media for increasing tone and vigor in nerves, in common with the rest of the system. The mental worry begotten by nervousness will also disappear.

Well Wife—Happy Home!

With Restored By the Leading Specialist of the South. Female Weakness, Uterine Troubles, Lost Menstruation, Nervousness, Headache, Dizziness, Dropsy, Rheumatism, Blood and private troubles permanently cured. Send for free booklet. Write to Dr. O. HENLEY SNIDER, Atlanta, Ga.

Wine's Soothing Syrup for children.

It soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Is permanently cured. No fits or nervous.

After first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy, the patient is cured. Write to Dr. J. C. KLINE, Ltd., 281 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by a Cure—MARTY THOMAS, 2934 Ohio Ave., Chicago, Ill., March 19, '94.

Vitue's Dance. One bottle Dr. Penner's cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.

Is the basis of good health, steady nerves, mental, physical and digestive strength.

If you are nervous, enrich your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. If you are weak, have no appetite desire to be strong, healthy and vigorous, take Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will purify your stomach, create an appetite and put you up. Get only Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Dr. Kline's Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy

easy to take, easy to buy, easy to operate. 25c.

WE MAKE LOANS ON LIFE INSURANCE POLICIES.

We have a policy in the New York Life, Mutual Life or Mutual Life and would secure a loan, write us giving number of policy, and we will be pleased to quote Address

English-American Loan and Trust Co., 12 Equitable Building, Atlanta, Ga.

MAPLE SYRUP

is your kitchen store in a few minutes at about 25 cents per gallon, by a process, which sells at \$1.00 per gallon.



A Reason for Silence.

You sang, you sang, you mountain brook, Scarce by your tangy banks held in, As running from a rocky nook, You leaped the world, the sea to win, Sun-bright past many a foamy creek, And headlong as a javelin

Now men do check and still your course To serve a village enterprise, And leeward drive your sullen force, What wonder, slave that in no wise Breaks from you, pooled 'mid reeds and gorse, The voice you had in Paradise.

—Louise Imogen Guiney.

When in Disgrace.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, I all alone beweep my outcast state, And trouble deep heaven with my bootless cries, And look upon myself and curse my fate, Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope, With what I most enjoy contented least; Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising, Happily thine thoughts on thee, and then my state, Like to the lark at break of day arising From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate; For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

—William Shakespeare.

Eastward and Westward.

I look away to the eastward, With eyes that are blinded with tears, To catch on the waves of memory Some gleam of the beautiful years When life was as bright as the rainbow, That after the tempest appears.

And from that blossom-crowned valley, There came to me snatches of song, And the sound of jest and of laughter, Is borne on the breeze along. While I see the angels of youth-time, And again my soul is made strong.

And now I gaze to the westward, Adown the dim slope of the years, And I see a far, peaceful valley, Where never are strivings or tears, And the songs of the "aged children" Come up to my listening ears.

Sometimes I think that life's eastward, Is linked to its glorified west, Where the white-haired, earth-weary traveler Waits in the bright Valley of Rest, And I cannot tell till I reach it, Which season is brightest and best.

—M. A. Holt, in the Waverley.

Beautiful Hands.

As I remember the first fair touch Of those beautiful hands that I love so much, I seem to thrill as I then was thrilled, Kissing the gloves that I found unfiled— When I met your gaze, and the queenly bow As you said to me, laughingly, "Keep it now!"

And, dazed and alone, in a dream I stand, Kissing the ghost of your beautiful hand.

When first I loved in the long ago, And held your hand as I told you so— Pressed and caressed it and gave it a kiss, And said, "I would die for a hand like this!"

Little I dreamed love's fulness yet Had to ripen when eyes were wet, And prayers were vain in their wild demands For one warm touch of your beautiful hands.

Beautiful hands! O beautiful hands! Could you reach out of the alien lands, Where you are lingering and give me to-night

Only a touch—were it ever so light— My hand were soothed, and my weary brain Would hush itself into rest again; For there is no solace the world commands Like the caress of your beautiful hands.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A Little Cot.

It's a little cot, In a little spot, With a little heaven has sent, An' her hand in mine

In rain or shine, An' I'm goin' my way content.

I'm goin' my way content, With the blue skies over me bent; An' the world is right, an' the world is wrong,

But my heart keeps singin' a thankful song.

It's a little way From that cot each day In the tolin' world I roam; But the whole day long That sweet heart-song, And a kiss when the stars sing: "Home!"

A kiss for a welcome home, When the bees are hid in the comb; An' the world is right, an' the world is wrong,

But my heart keeps singin' a thankful song.

The same sweet song Where the tollers throng An' the skies are cold an' gray, An' her hand in mine

Of her heart so sweet, Callin' me—far away!

Callin' me—far away! To the blooms an' the bells o' May, An' the world is right, an' the world is wrong,

But my heart keeps singin' a thankful song.

An' the little cot In the little spot Is dearer than domes that rise; For the day is bright

An' the night is bright With the love in a woman's eyes.

With the love in a woman's eyes— A love that never dies; An' the world is right, an' the world is wrong,

But my heart keeps singin' the same sweet song.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Church Sexton Lives in a Steep's.

The only man in the United States who lives in a church steeple is Hezekiah Bradds, the sexton of the Baptist church at Westport, a suburb of Kansas City. The room is small, scarcely larger than a dry goods box. It is just under the bells. In that tiny room he cooks, eats and sleeps. Through the small windows that furnish light in the day time he can see a portion of Kansas City. Above his head the swallows twitter as they fly in and out through the lattice work. In his small room is a bed, a dresser, a tiny stove and a table. He has been sexton of the church for several years and has occupied his room in the steeple since his wife left him. Some years ago he married a widow with a grown son. The son proved a bone of contention, and after numerous quarrels the wife left her husband, taking the furniture with her. Then the church trustees suggested that Mr. Bradds move into the little room beneath the bells. Church members furnished the room comfortably, and since then Mr. Bradds has lived a lonesome life.—Kansas City Times.

Followed A Prize Fight at Sea.

Sailors far out at sea can sometimes be brought into closer contact with events than are some people in the next town to the scene of action. The British steamer Ocus, was repairing the Mexican cable between Galveston and Tampico on March 17.

There was not a man, Captain Sutherland included, who was not greedy to know the result of every round of the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight. The longed-for news was bound to skip along under the sea. All they had to do was to catch it as it went.

Captain Sutherland dropped his deep-sea anchor, a grappling iron soon brought the cable to the surface, the insulation was opened and a wire connected with an instrument on board, and the telegraph operator sat on deck, smoked a cigar and announced the result of each round as it was fought in Carson City. When they knew that Corbett had been punched in the solar plexus and couldn't respond all hands resumed work.—New York World.

Summer Care of Blankets.

Blankets after the winter use are never clean, and should not be put away without being washed. Many housekeepers in view of the shrinking and discoloring caused by washing, satisfy themselves with airing and shaking their blankets, but this is a great mistake, for if the work is properly done the soft appearance and whiteness may be retained for years.

The most important consideration in washing blankets is to have plenty of soft water and good soap. An inferior cheap soap is really the cause of the injury done to woolen goods in washing, as it hardens and yellows the fibre. When ready to begin the work, shake the blankets free of dust, fill a tub nearly full of soft hot water, and dissolve a third of a cake of Ivory soap in it. Put one blanket in at a time and dip up and down, gently washing with the hands. Never rub soap on blankets, or wash on the washboard. After the blankets are clean, rinse them in warm water until free of suds. Add a little bluing to the last water. Shake and squeeze rather than wring, and hang on the line until dry. Then fold and pack away in a box securely to exclude the moth. Blankets washed in this way will keep their original freshness and wear very much longer than if put away soiled year after year. ELIZA R. PARKER.

A Method of Measurement.

"There is such a thing as becoming too much devoted to the bicycle," said the young woman thoughtfully. "I was riding with a friend of mine who demonstrated that fact."

"Did she talk continually about the wheel?"

"No. She didn't talk about anything until I asked her if she knew what the hour was. She looked down at the cyclometer and said we'd better hurry home, as it was two miles and a quarter past dinner time."—Washington Star.

Advertising Note.

A man may grieve, And a man may lie, And a man may puff and blow; But he can't get trade By sitting in the shade, Waiting for business to grow.

A Good Honest Doubter.

Is a person we like to meet. We like to have such a man try Tetterine. He will be more enthusiastic than anybody else once he's cured and convinced. Tetterine is for Tetter, Eczema, Ringworm and all skin diseases. 50 cents a box at drug stores or by mail from J. T. Shuppert, Savannah, Ga.

The jewels which ornament the King of Portugal's crown are valued at \$3,500,000.

S. K. Coburn, Mgr. Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE

For the Whiskers, Mustache, and Eyebrows.

In one preparation. Easy to apply at home. Colors brown or black. The Gentlemen's favorite, because satisfactory.

H. E. HALL & Co., Proprietors, Nashua, N. H. Sold by all Druggists.

DRUNK

ARDS can be saved without their knowledge by Anti-Jag the marvelous cure for the drunk habit. Write Remora Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, N. Y. Full information (in plain wrapper) mailed free.

MENTION THIS PAPER in writing to advertisers. A-1007-25

WORDS OF WISDOM.

War is not learned from victories on CANVAS.

It apparently pays best to preach to the few.

There is nothing older than yesterday's news.

Discipline is the art which teaches a man not to run.

There is a class of people who think they are too poor to buy flannels for the winter who will spend their last cent having their fortunes told.

This world will never be entirely satisfactory until some woman who believes in wearing one dress until it is worn out becomes a leader of fashion.

The happiness of life may be greatly increased by small courtesies in which there is no parade, and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kinds acts of attention.

Among all the virtues, humility, the lowest, is pre-eminent. It is the safest, because it is always an anchor; and that man may be truly said to live the most content in his calling who strives to live within the compass of it.

Every one must see daily instances of people who complain from a mere habit of complaining; and make their friends uneasy and strangers merry by murmuring at evils that do not exist and repining at grievances which they really do not feel.

Improvement depends far less upon length of tasks and hours of application than is supposed. Children can take in but little each day; they are like vases, with a narrow neck; you may pour little or pour much, but much will not enter at a time.

On great occasions it is almost always women who have given the strongest proofs of virtue and devotion; the reason is that with men good and bad qualities are in general the result of calculation, while in women they are impulses springing from the heart.

The foundation of content must spring up in the mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

Infinite toil will not enable you to sweep away a mist; but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement; we wrestle fiercely with vicious habit, which could have no hold upon us if we ascended into a higher moral atmosphere.

Husband and Wife for Eighty-Seven Years.

Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Hiller, who live near La Grange, Ind., have just completed eighty-seven years of married life, and both bid fair to live a few years longer. Mr. Hiller is now 107 years old and his wife 105, and the little frame cottage they occupy has been their home for nearly eighty-five years. This house consists of one room, and this room contains all the aged couple's earthly possessions.

Mr. Hiller is a vigorous looking man of a man of forty. His eyes are bright, and his long hair falls in unmixed whiteness almost to his shoulders. His wife has long since passed under the spell of old age. She is bent almost double with the weight of her years and is totally blind. "It's a caution," says Mr. Hiller, speaking of his age. "I never counted on living so long or anything like it." He tells how he was born in Jamestown, near Kingston, Canada. He was twenty-two years old when the war of 1812 came along, and he describes Canada as a very wild country in those years.

The first year of the war he and his wife left Canada and settled near Marine City, and went from there to Emmet, whence they came to their present home. They were married when Mr. Hiller was twenty and his wife eighteen. With his old age have come symptoms of a second childhood, the most amusing and amazing of which is the cutting of two teeth lately. The old couple have eleven children, the oldest eighty-two and the youngest fifty-seven.—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Improvement in Elevators.

Elevator accidents are so common, and in many cases so startling, that inventions looking to the safety of passengers have multiplied very rapidly within the past few years. One of the newest is the air cushion, which is formed by the elevator itself. At the bottom of the shaft is a well anywhere from twelve to eighteen feet deep. Below the elevator is a platform that fits closely into this well, and if the elevator gives way, it so nearly fills the space that in driving down the air it meets with steady and powerful resistance. The air escapes very slowly around the edge of the platform, and practically does away with all danger of a serious crash.—The Ledger.

Danger in Stones.

Recent German experiments show that bacteria flourish exceedingly in certain building stones, and that even in those not very porous the ubiquitous microbe finds a domicile. It is recommended that only non-porous stones be used in the construction of hospitals, but as even granites absorb water, such stones will be difficult to find.

THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896.

Mrs. Pinkham's Explanation of the Unusual Number of Deaths and Prostrations Among Women.

The great heat plague of August, 1896, was not without its lesson. One could not fail to notice in the long lists of the dead throughout this country, that so many of the victims were women in their thirties, and women between forty-five and fifty.

The women who succumbed to the protracted heat were women whose energies were exhausted by sufferings peculiar to their sex; women who, taking no thought of themselves, or who, attaching no importance to first symptoms, allowed their female system to become run down.

Constipation, capricious appetite, restlessness, forebodings of evil, vertigo, languor, and weakness, especially in the morning, an itching sensation which suddenly attacks one at night, or whenever the blood becomes overheated, are all warnings. Don't wait too long to build up your strength, that is now a positive necessity! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has specific curative powers. You cannot do better than to commence a course of this grand

of first symptoms you will see by the following letter what terrible suffering came to Mrs. Craig, and how she was cured:

"I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prolapsus uteri and leucorrhoea and thought I was going into consumption. I would get so faint I thought I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."—MRS. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.

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